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Harry's Dream.

THERE idle Harry is sitting alone,
Sunning himself on a gray, ancient stone,
Patches of lichen all over it grown.

Down by the brook many swallows at play,
Fly about dipping their wings in the spray,
Then with a chirp they are up and away.

From the top bough of a tree, a brown thrush
Pours of his clear warbled trills such a gush
All lesser songsters, their strains seem to hush.

Sleek Mr. Woodpecker, pecking a tree;
Bluebirds and robins too, Harry can see;
All seem as happy as happy can be.

"Oh!" sighs poor Harry, "when I look at these
Birds, that are doing the thing that they please
I'd like to be one and live in the trees."

"*No!* I'm a *boy!* and to school I must go,
Study the lessons I don't care to know,
Birds wouldn't like it, were they treated so."

While Harry muses there comes to his ear,
Sweeter and fainter the thrush's whistle clear;
Drowsily hums the brown bee passing near.

Down on his arm nodding head at length goes,
Only of dreamy-land Harry now knows,
Nothing of school, and his every day woes.

What possesses all the birds?
Harry'd like to know,
He can understand their words,
And they chatter so!

Says the robin, "this young man
Wants to live in trees;
Be a bird, because they can
Do the thing they please."

"I suppose that he don't know,"
Said the thrush, "that we
Oftentimes are told *must* go,
Just as much as he."

"Every one *must* build his nest,"
Said the jay bird blue:
"And the birdies he loves best
He *must* care for too."

"If we birds do as we like,
Then it must be true,
That we always *choose* to like
What we *have* to do."

"Well!" said Harry, when he woke,
"'Twas a funny dream!
I guess birdies never spoke,
But it *true* did seem.

"I will try to like what I
Am obliged to do;
Then I'll see: perhaps I'll be,
Happy like them too." *H. H. D.*

Nutting Song.

Who has no sunshine in his heart
May call the autumn sober;
But boys and girls, with pulses wild,
Should love the brown October.

Along the glade and on the hill
The ruddy oaks are glowing,
And merry winds are out by night,
Through all the forest blowing.

The yellow moon is clear and bright,
The silent upland lighting;
The meadow grass is crisp and white,
The frosts are keen and biting.

A shining moon, a frosty sky,
A gusty morn to follow,
To drive the withered leaves about
And leave them in the hollow.

Hurrah! the nuts are dropping ripe
In all the wildwood bowers;
We'll climb as high as squirrels go,
We'll shake them down in showers,

When heads are gray and eyes are dim,
We'll call the autumn sober;
But now, with life in every limb,
We love the brown October.

Emily Huntington Miller.

Aunt Kitty's Stories.

THE LOST CHILDREN.

WHEN I was a very little girl, my father knew a poor man, who lived about ten miles from here in a thinly settled part of the country. On fishing excursions this countryman's cottage was often his stopping-place, where he put up his horse, while he went, on foot, to the lakes beyond.

The ground about Anderson's house, was on the margin of the wood, and so rugged that with the utmost toil he could scarcely make it yield anything, and was often obliged to labor in the fields far away. So that it was a good thing for this poor man when a fisherman came to his door, paid well for the care of his horse, and left a good share of the prog with which his basket was always well supplied.

As soon as spring days begin to come, the dwellers in these lonely places are found going forth with spade and hoe, to prepare the ground for the seed, which cannot be sown until later; for in our backward climate warm days do not always succeed each other, nor does the warmth last. Raw winds blow in the evenings, and nights are chilly, with occasional visits of snow, sleet, and frost.

One Monday morning in the early Spring, Anderson went to work in the fields, some distance from home. A babe had been born in his house the night before, and he had many anxious thoughts for fear he should not be able to fill all the little mouths that were looking to him for bread. So he could not stay at home with his sick wife, nor to take care of the children. Kind neighbors came by turns to help this poor mother, who was not nursed in the lap of luxury, and was thankful for what she could get.

The elder ones of the family, Jenny who was nearly eight, and Nanny not quite six, finding no one to take care of them, went out by the door to enjoy the sunshine. But they did not go, like you my dears, with plenty of warm clothing, and a nurse to see that they only went on the sunny side of the street, and be sure and bring them back when the wind blew. No, they picked up their hoods and went as they were, with scant and ragged garments, and thin worn shoes. They had no cakes to eat when they were hungry, yet they enjoyed the sunshine and felt glad that the day was so warm and pleasant.

Accustomed to wander about, they walked without fear till they got to the woods. No mother called them back, and they went on and on, listening to the songs of the birds. It never entered their little heads to turn about, till they felt hungry and wanted their dinners. Then they had gone too far; for there was no path and the wood became thicker and thicker, and they feared they were lost, and were much frightened when they saw no house, nor any prospect of getting home. And it must have been sadder than I can tell, for them that night in the dark wood, when they laid them down in their cold damp bed, and cried themselves to sleep for their mother dear.

The children were not missed at the cottage till afternoon came, then it was supposed they had strayed over to some house. But Anderson coming back from the fields about sundown, felt alarmed when he heard that his children had been absent all day. He went round to look for them as soon as he could, but found they were nowhere near. Then taking a bite of supper he went for a search in the woods, beating about, and calling loudly for them to come back, but no answer was heard, and he was obliged to go home after a fruitless search.

The alarm was soon given, and several of Anderson's friends from the country side, joined him the next day, setting off in different directions, with food in their knapsacks, and all needful things for the poor starving children. But the only traces found that day, were a few teaberry leaves, gathered and left under a tree in the thick part of the wood.

The news spreading all about, numbers went from the neighboring town hoping to bring the children back. But Wednesday followed with no better success, all that was found of the lost ones was a rag torn by a bush from their garments and a few little footprints made in the snow which had fallen in the forest and was afterwards frozen.

Great pity was felt for these poor people whose children had strayed, and numerous friends were raised up for the afflicted mother, who went from all parts of the town and country; to take her the comforts she so much needed in her sick state.

A large reward was offered by the Magistrates to him who should bring the babies back, and a larger sum if the children were found alive, which was not probable, as three days had gone by, and there was nothing in the shape of food in the forest, and the weather was wet and cold.

Thursday evening came, and the babes were not brought back to their sorrowing mother. That night brought a heavy fall of snow, and keen frost, but it was felt the children must have died before. On Saturday night when no tidings were brought, nor a vestige had been seen of their bodies, great disappointment was felt everywhere. All agreed, however, that they would try again on Sunday for the last time, when it was supposed that many more would come to the search, it being a leisure day with every one.

Sunday morning shone bright and beautiful; and was the only real fine day that had been since the children had set out. At a very early hour, crowds might have been seen setting forth from Anderson's cottage. Of kind-hearted men there must have been hundreds scouring the woods that day, with dogs, and Indian scouts, and guns which were to be the signal if the bodies were found. And it was also agreed that a bonfire should be lighted on a distant hill, to bring all to the spot.

In the morning nothing was found, and men met one another in the forest with blank faces. It was afternoon when one of the hunters with his dog, left the party, and travelled towards a mountain, about seven miles from Anderson's habitation. It was a bleak place; some of the hunters had been there before, and thought it useless to go again. But Mr. Kenzie had an idea that the little ones might have gone to such a place to look for their home.

The snow which fell on Thursday night, had melted on this warm day, and was now running down by the rock sides, leaving many a place clear which was before blocked up. Mr. Kenzie called the dog that was some distance away, to come to his side. He found that he did not obey, but was standing still, gazing at some object before him. He went to the spot, and found that the long lost was there; for on that cold mountain side, lay the two little bodies of Jenny and Nanny Anderson, closely locked in each others arms. Their garments were torn by the bushes, the brambles had scratched their almost naked feet and legs while the tender feet of the little one was worn to the bone.

The countenance of the little one was placid, for she was too young to suffer from mental anxiety, her bodily sufferings were no doubt greater, while the face of the elder was sorrowful and care worn as if a whole life-time of anguish had been passed in that week.

It seemed as if Nanny had been the first to die and that Jenny, feeling how cold she was, had stretched over her her scanty shawl, and pressed her face as if to shield her from the rude blasts. Ah Jenny, Jenny; no one knows the self-blame that was in thy little heart, when lying down to die with thy little sister on that cold mountain's brow. Nevertheless a short but noble life was thine before thou wert taken to join the angelic throng around the throne of God.

Mr. Kenzie's signal gun was heard, and the blaze of the bonfire, brought all to the spot in a short time. Of the hundreds who came to see the "babes in the wood," no one beheld the sight without shedding tears. Most of them were fathers with little ones of their own, and could well pity the sorrows of these forlorn ones who had died with none near. Strong and sturdy men went away by themselves to weep, feeling thankful that the father was not there to witness the scene. His rugged frame, worn by the week's anxiety had broken down, and he had been urged by his friends to leave the search in their hands.

A rude cradle was made on the spot, in which the little ones could be carried to their mother, no one wishing to disturb the embrace in which these babes were locked.

"And did Mr. Kenzie get the reward that was offered?" asked little George.

"Mr. Kenzie got the reward, certainly, but gave it all for a tombstone to be placed over their grave in the country church yard which you shall see some day, when we drive in that direction."

The young people were much affected by the story of the Lost Children. Aunt Kitty promised a prize to whoever would put it in verse, making a simple ballad of the story, — for she liked to encourage them in having something on hand to occupy their minds, and we have not yet learned who is to be the poet of the party.

Honor thy father and mother.

A Day Dream.

I shut my eyes this summer day,
And see a child-land far away,

Where once my footsteps roved at will,
Acrose the meadows, green and still;

And gathered in my apron's fold
The dandelion's plumy gold.

While dangling from my ears were seen
The long stems curled to tresses green.

I doffed my sunbonnet of blue,
To let the breezes thro'.

What did I care for wind-tossed hair,
Or sun-browned cheek that might be fair.

I seemed a part of Nature's own,
A very child-queen on her throne.

The blue sky smiling everywhere,
Was like a mother's loving care.

I heard the lambs bleat on the hill,
The bird songs and the tinkling rill;

I heard the murmur of the sea,
A childhood lullaby to me;

And all the music, all the light,
Was mine by an inherent right.

I scent again the sweet perfume,
Of the old orchard's sea of bloom;

The lilac by the farmhouse door,
And morning glory trailing o'er.

How fair upon my dream-shut eyes
These fragrant summer visions rise,

Till I forget how far away
My feet have roamed since childhood's May,

Oh! children, on the city street,
I long to set your little feet

Among the grasses and the flowers,
These beautiful glad summer hours;

Where you may revel at your will,
In haunts so lovely, sweet and still.

"A heritage it seems to me,"
God meant that you should hold in fee.

—*Little Corporal.*

———o-o-o———

The Fisherman's Son.

A gentleman walking on the beach came across a little boy sitting on the road all by himself, looking out on the great ocean.

"You like the sea, my boy, do you not?"

"Yes, sir; and I hope to follow it when I get bigger."

"It is a hard life, besides being dangerous," said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir; but Jesus Christ went to sea, and he knows the dangers; and sometimes he preached out of a ship. I am sure he loves sailors," said the boy.

"But that will not hinder you from meeting with storms, and perhaps getting ship-wrecked."

"Christ rules the winds and the waves. He stopped a storm once."

"He does not now," said the gentleman.

"No, sir; but he will help us to trust in him; and, if we hold on to him, nothing can much harm us," said the boy.

"You might be drowned."

"Yes, sir." The boy stopped. "But, you know, my soul would then fly up to God; and it is all fair weather up there."

"Why, my little man, you are quite a preacher!" said the gentleman.

The sweet, quiet, happy face of the little fellow so pleased the gentleman, that he felt he had the best of company.

How it Happened.

"O Ruthie! how came this great botch of sewing on the side of your dress? A brown dress sewed up with white thread — to hide a great, ugly theee cornered tare. Whose work is this?"

"Mine, I s'pose," said Ruthie, balancing her two toes together and hanging her hend.

"You s'pose?" said her mother gently, "is that the best answer you can make? What does my daughter s'pose she did it for?"

"'Cause I thought I could mend it just as well," said Ruthie.

"No, I hardly think you thought you could do it just as well; you thought you could do it so mother wouldn't find it out so soon, I think, didn't you."

"Yes, mother," said Ruthie, gulping down a sob, "but I've been wanting you to find it out this ever so long."

"But why didn't you come right away and tell mother just as you always do?" said her mother. "Just tell me all about it, and then you'll feel better I'm sure," and Ruthie's mother drew her kindly to her side.

"Why mother, I was afraid you wouldn't like how I tore it. For I went over the fence — where you told me not to — and got some berries with the Blake girls. And the old sheep did

come after me — just as you said he would — and knocked me down on the ground and stubble and hurt me dreadfully. Just see here," and Ruthie bared her little red knees still bruised and with the skin broken.

"My poor child," said her mother, "and you have borne that all to yourself when it could have been helped so much. Were you afraid of mother, that you didn't tell her before ?"

"No," said Ruthie, taking a long breath "I wasn't afraid of *you*, but it hurt me so, 'cause — 'cause I didn't do as you told me to, and I've been so miserable about it mother, and I'm so glad you know it if you punish me ever so hard." And Ruthie tried to look very heroic and cried again.

Her mother smoothed her hair and said, "I think a little girl that has had two bruised knees and an aching conscience for three days, has been punished enough not to do so again, don't you ?"

"Yes, dear mother," said Ruthie, "I'm sure I shall remember it forever and ever."

"And now, Ruthie," said her mother, "I want this to teach you something else 'forever and ever.' Whenever you have done anything wrong, no matter if its ever so wrong, just come and tell mother in the beginning. That's the easiest time, and you save all this misery when it has to come out in the end. For things always are known, you know, if not by mother then by Him who sees everything, and if we try to conceal it we do wrong twice instead of once and suffer all the more. And you should do that not only with your mother and father, but your dear father in heaven. You cannot feel right within when you try to keep anything away from Him any more than you can keep it from your mother. We are better friends to you than you are to yourself, my dear, and you need never be afraid to tell us your whole heart. And God is ten thousand times better than we are."

"O mother, whispered Ruthie, "I did ask him to forgive me at first, but I don't think he would till I asked you, too." *H. A. B.*

If a playmate asks you to commit sin, don't do it. If you are tempted by any desire in your own mind to do what you know to be wrong, don't do it. If you have done wrong, and think of telling a lie to hide it, don't do it; it will be adding sin to sin.

Scenes of Childhood.

My childhood's most familiar scene
Still haunts me in my dreams;
Illumed by Memory's golden sheen,
Before me still it gleams.
'Tis of a distant foreign land,
Familiar to the child,
Where curious trees on every hand
Grow in luxuriance wild.

Strange temples, many stories high,
Beside the waters rise,
And birds in happy couples fly
Remarkable for size.
The fisher in his funny boat
Is rocking on the tide,
And fishers, who are not afloat,
Are on a bridge descried.

The trees are thick with strangest fruit
Of apple-dumpling shapes,
And some to which I should impute
The character of grapes.
The fences zig-zag o'er the plain,
Of patterns manifold,
My fancy brings them back again —
As they appeared of old.

A vision of the old Cathay
Before my eyes revealed,
It bears my thoughts away—away
To roam in Fancy's field.
'Tis true that I have never been
A dweller on the spot;
Although it is my childhoods scene
I've visited it not.

Familiar as each trait may be,
And dear though every line;
With every detail though for me
Fond memories entwine,
To see its beauties ne'er has been
Through life my lucky fate,
But as a child how oft I've seen
That willow-patterned plate!

"Take my Coat."

There was a little boy attended a large Sunday School in Brooklyn, New York, who was much interested in bringing in children. He went about, week after week, getting new scholars. One day he brought a number of little boys to school, and when he got up to the door, one of the boys refused to go up stairs.

"Well, my little friend, why won't you go up stairs ?"

It was a long time before the little fellow would give an answer; at last he said he hid not want to go up stairs because he had no coat on.

"Is that all ?" said the little missionary; "if that is all you want, take my coat."

In time he became one of their best scholars.

Vacation Letter.

We have written a letter to the readers of the MYRTLE, descriptive of the city of Montreal. We have something more to say about a visit to another notable old city in the Dominion of Canada, which we visited during our vacation time, Quebec.

Quebec — the old French and the modern English stronghold of our Western Continent; the American Gibralter; the place visited by daring mariners, and dwelt in by devout and self-sacrificing missionaries of the Cross; where military battles have raged, and where noted defeats and victories have been realized. How often had we read of it, and looked round about it, and in upon it, in imagination; and now we were prepared to greet it, as our steamer, in which we had rode all night from Montreal, stood in towards it as the mists of the morning were clearing away, and the sunlight struck the English cross on the flag floating from its citadel.

A word about the history of this place. The city of Quebec was founded by Samuel Champlain, in 1608. In 1622 the population was reduced to fifty souls. In June, 1759, the English army under Gen. Wolfe, landed upon the Island of Orleans. On the 12th of September, the battle on the Plains of Abraham took place, which resulted in the death of Wolfe, and of Montcalm, the French general, and the defeat of the French army. The English troops took possession of the city. Cape Diamond upon which the citadel stands, is one hundred and forty-five feet high. It was beneath the walls of this citadel that the American general Montgomery fell, as he and his troops attempted to take it by force, on the night of December 31, 1779 There are the upper and lower parts of the city, the former was built principally by the English, the latter by the French.

We are landing at the wharf in the lower city. The scene is a little novel to us "from the States." There is a queer mixture of English, Yankee, French, Irish, Canadian French, and how many natives of somewhere else, we cannot tell. But the French seemed to be the principal language talked around our landing place.

The cab and caleche (calash) men are in waiting for passengers, to take them to the hotels, or around about the city to "see the sights." We soon engage one to take charge of our little company, and away we drive, first to get a breakfast, and then to be taken to the principal places sought by visitors, and especially to the Fall of Montmorency, about seven miles below the city.

Our first trip after breakfast, is to the Durham Terrace. An old war-castle, St. Louis, probably the first building erected in Quebec, stood here. It was destroyed by fire in 1834. By the orders of Lord Durham, the ruins were cleared away, and this terrace was built, and an iron railway placed on the edge of the precipice, making a delightful walk or outlook. And the morning view from this place was one of the most delightful that could be taken. The river stretching away in each direction, full of shipping; the shores on each side bordered with French cottages as far as the eye could extend; the grand mountain region of the north and north-east; the busy city itself mostly beneath us, and the towering citadel still above us, made out a scene which will not soon fade from remembrance. A monument to Wolfe and Montcalm stands not far from the terrace, on the governor's grounds. Another monument to Gen. Wolfe is on the old battle-ground where he fell, some distance beyond the citadel. The citadel itself is one of the strongest fortifications in the world. We were very politely shown over it by one of the soldiers on guard duty. We afterwards visited some of the churches, a Public Library and Natural History Room, a Catholic College where we saw some paintings which were worth visiting, and then, as time permitted we strolled through markets, and streets of narrowest dimensions, around the wharves and into the stores; and everywhere we were entertained with new views, such as we could not find in any of the cities of New England.

We had a charming ride to the Fall of Montmorency. The day was one of the clearest and brightest, and as we passed away from the city, its tin roofs and spires reflected with an intense brightness the rays of the noon-day sun. The country through which we rode was green, and looked fruitful. The French cottages were seen all along the road, with narrow but long strips of land behind them, in which the fruits of trees and of the ground seem to be abounding.

One vegetable we saw everywhere, that was the onion. We know not how the Canadians could live without it. Onions were in all the market places, provision stores, and in most of the wagons and caleches. We saw in one of these carriages a stout, jolly looking French woman seated, with an enormous monument of onions at her side, higher than her head, and another about as large directly in front of her. This was her precious cargo, and she looked as happy with it as though she had been a sea captain bringing one of the richest of freights into port.

All along in our ride to the Falls, we were beset by the lively boys and girls who ran after us with little pretty bouquets and bunches of berries, entreating us to buy of them; and when we stopped, seeing us to be from the States, they would flock around, and hold up their American money for us to take in exchange for Canadian currency.

We have reached the Falls, and are viewing it from an opposite bank upon a point of land a little way from it. The main fall is one of the most beautiful sheets of water we ever saw or probably ever shall see; for we have looked on Minnehaha and the Bridal Veil, and have sat beside the thundering Niagara. But this fall is no Niagara. It is narrow and high—240 feet, and its white spray and foam are most charming to behold in the sunlight of this summer noon. On each side of the main fall there are little silver cascades running down the rocks and among the stunted bushes, and uniting at the bottom in the fall and swell of foam that make the waters so beautiful to behold. We were sorry to leave this scene, it was so attractive to us, and we parted with it as with a kind friend whom we never saw before, but who had just given us most kindly greetings and a sumptuous entertainment.

But we must close this letter, already too long, hoping that many of our young readers may yet receive as much pleasure as we have in a visit to old Quebec. *Rev. J. G. Adams.*

Ancient Books.

Many children do not understand that the ancient books were not like those of the present day. They were different in form and substance. They were written upon long sheets of linen, leather, papyrus, or parchment, fastened at each end to a small wooden roller. Around this the book was rolled. The manner of reading in it was by gradually unrolling it, rolling up the part read, and reading more. Our books are a great improvement on this ancient form.

IT IS rather a startling fact that there are more than 1,000,000 children attending our day-schools who are not in the Sunday Schools.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LV.

THE LEAVEN OF THE PHARISEES.

"Purge out therefore the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump."

SCRIPTURE, — Matt. xvi. 6–12; Mark viii. 14–26; Luke xii. 1.

Question. — When the disciples arrived on the other side of the lake, what did they find they had forgotten?

Answer. — Matt. xvi. 5.

Q. — What did Jesus say to them?

A. — Matt. xvi. 6.

Q. — Did the disciples understand him?

A. — Matt. xvi. 9.

Q. — What did they think he charged them to beware of the leaven of the Pharisees for?

A. — Matt. xvi. 7.

NOTE. Leaven is sour dough by which bread is raised. A small quantity will affect a large quantity of meal or flour and change its character. When the Israelites fled from Egypt they had not time to raise their bread, and therefore made only unleavened bread—unraised bread. Therefore, during the seven days of the Passover feasts, the Jews made and eat no bread but the unleavened bread. Any person who eat leavened bread during a Passover was to be put to death. See Exodus xii. 15, 18–20; xiii. 5–7.

The Saviour was not warning his disciples against all the hypocrisies and bad principle of the Pharisees,—he cautioned them against a little of them, because a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.

Q. — To what did he call them to remember?

A. — Matt. xvii. 9.

Q. — What other did he remind them of?

A. — Matt. xvi. 10.

NOTE. The thought in these allusions of the Saviour seems to be, that they need not be concerned about bread because miracles, if they would but remember them, would give them perfect faith that they should not want for bread.

Q. — Had they faith that Christ could supply them with bread?

A. — Matt. xvi. 8.

Q. — What did he tell them to beware of?

A. — Matt. xvi. 12.

Hidden Seed

Enigma No.

1. A friend and counsellor of David.
2. A daughter of an eastern ruler.
3. A woman of Jericho, who befriended the Israelites.
4. A Prophetess.
5. An ancient city of Judea.
6. One of the three cast into the fiery furnace.
7. A section of the country in Arabia Petrea.

My initials form the name of an eminent Bible personage, and my finals, the name of a celebrated mountain in Syria.

Enigma No. 2.

I am composed of twenty-eight letters.

My 19, 6, 28, 8, 28, is the name of a distingnished person in the Old Testament.

My 23, 21, 22, is the name of a tribe of Israel.

My 9, 4, 23, 21, 26, is one of Abraham's sons.

My 28, 21, 5, 15, 6, 26. is a kind of fish,

My 23, 21, 7, 1, 23, is the name of a king of Israel.

My 2, 5, 16, is the name of an insect.

My 28, 1, 20, 12, 18, 26, is one of Jacob's sons.

My 11, 25, 3, is used in fastening our dwellings.

My 27, 18, 14, is a child's toy.

My 20, 21, 17, 13, 23, 6, 22, 1, 21, is a country mentioned in the Bible.

My 14, 13, 26, is used in writing.

My whole is one of Christ's sayings.

Answers.

SEPT, 23. Wept; Abiatha; Thomas; Centurion; Herod. Watch.

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